

# Second time around for Mary

By Mary Hubelit

## Part I of a three-part series detailing a trip to pleasant memories in a pleasant place

5:15 p.m. August 29 — Wolf River Camp, Dorion: supper over, N. resting, time to assess the reasons for this little jaunt. From a pragmatic point of view, we should make more frequent use of this large investment, Mitzi.

But our garden also represents an investment, in money and work-hours for muscles and backs that don't perform as they used to.

Now the rhubarb, asparagus, strawberries and raspberries are harvested, peas safely stored in the deep-freeze and the herbs are washed and drying in a dark, airy place. Root vegetables can wait.

Now the subliminal truths can surface: the Fall Migration Syndrome is upon me and must be faced. I must move something,

change the scene, vary the routine so I can see all of Life again.

What simpler way than to re-examine and update this interesting part of Ontario, the Dorion area. Eight years ago we "ooh'd" and "aah'd" over Ouimet Canyon and studied the fish hatchery.

Renovations were under way, and a truckload of splake was being readied for transfer to selected inland lakes. This hybrid, speckled and lake trout, is important in tourist promotion and to regional sportsmen.

My strongest memory of that excursion is our later inspection of the Nipigon Museum — my advancing age was brutally certi-

fied as I looked at household appliances which were standard when I was little girl.

Then there's the Dorion Amethyst Mine, sparking one's curiosity because so little has been said about it. The East Loon mine is well publicized — why not the Dorion mine? These lovely crystals, widely used in a variety of settings, are a product of all the ugly upheaval this old earth has suffered — beauty in the midst of cruelty, loveliness in destruction, treasures among dross. Rather levels off one's evaluation of man's social standards, doesn't it?

High noon, August 30 : Ouimet Canyon on a calm, overcast, blessedly-cool day for walking. The parking lot is almost full as we have lunch and N. rests a little. Vehicles from Florida, Manitoba, Ohio, Alberta, Illinois and of course Ontario are also resting.

This Provincial park is strictly a nature preserve; no commercialism whatever. The two lookout platforms are built in the most substantial and reassuring manner and still provide dizzying views of the canyon. Last time I was here I crawled on my stomach the last ten feet to look over the rim.

I was almost eyeball to eyeball with the "Indian Head" rock needle — now one stands a little about it.

The dull, reddish gray rock wall across the canyon has a sinister finality about it while far, far below, the tumbled rock and tips of pines are still scary.

Again one is reminded of the violent upheavals our part of this old globe have seen. Now the trails are packed with the lovely red soil of this area, and bordered by cedar logs laid end to end.

On either side lush vegetation strains to meet the canopy of tall trees; pale sunlight filters down from time to time. It all helps to settle the nerves after a few minutes scanning the canyon from the lookout platforms!

Wildlife? One Downy woodpecker, one mouse (and I don't mean moose!), one Blue Heron flapping off around a bend in a creek, one fresh bear sign right on the trail, and the frantic chattering of a squirrel we couldn't see.

The bulletin board at the entrance to the trails announces: "Early homesteaders borrowed the name Ouimet from the nearby, and since forgotten, C.P. Railway station. So the park honours the name of Lt. Col. Joseph Alderic Ouimet, a 19th Century Canadian soldier, politician and judge."

Next Week: *Second visit to a place and time where the water level of a river could be raised five feet in a day!*

## Helene bids fond farewell to a much-admired friend

By Helene Ballard

Dear Readers,  
I hope you will forgive me for not writing my usual column this week, but instead — in my small way — I would like to write just a few words about the loss our town suffered.

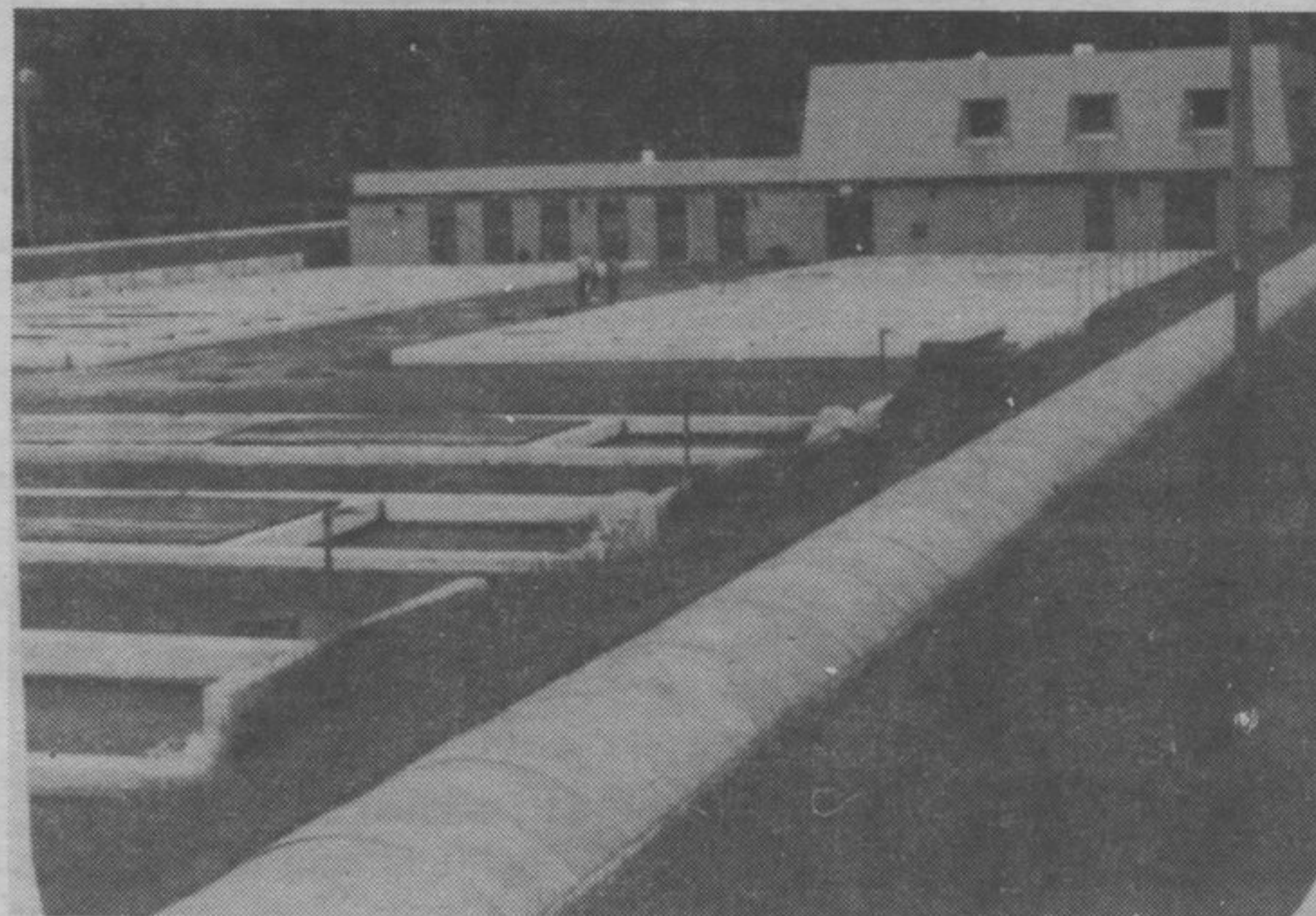
With the passing of Dr. Adey, we lost not only a wonderful doctor, but a kind and gentle friend. He was the kind of a doctor

who always had time to listen to your problems and help you with them.

To Dr. Adey, you were a real person, not just a number on a medical chart. He will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

To Joan and the family, we give our deepest sympathy and our prayers that God will help them in their loss.

To Dr. Adey, we say: "Vaya con Dios" — "Go with God."



The MNR's Dorion Fish Hatchery hasn't changed much since Mary's last visit eight years ago. photo - Mary Hubelit

## Winnie's Schreiber Scribbles

By Winnie Campbell

Mrs. Carol Lavoie and children from Thunder Bay visited mom Leblanc and relations.

Sister Marvel from North Bay visited the Sisters and friends here. As well the Sisters have returned from their vacation and are back to school. Sister Helene from Quebec visited the Pelletiers. Mr and Mrs. T. Whent are here from Thunder Bay U.C.W.-doo.

Don't forget the Chimo meeting on Friday, Sept. 16. On Sunday, Sept. 17, the C.W.L. will hold a Giant Penny Auction, Bake Sale and Tea at the Recreation Centre. Everyone is welcome.

Our deepest sympathy to the Adey's on the passing of Dr. Adey.

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